

2-16-1856

Narragansett Times (2/16/1856)

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.uri.edu/nt_1855-1856

Recommended Citation

"Narragansett Times (2/16/1856)" (1856). *Narragansett Times (1855-1856)*. Book 42.
https://digitalcommons.uri.edu/nt_1855-1856/42https://digitalcommons.uri.edu/nt_1855-1856/42

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Narragansett Times at DigitalCommons@URI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Narragansett Times (1855-1856) by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@URI. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@etal.uri.edu.

Narragansett Times.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE ONLY,
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

An Independent Family Paper.

SINGLE COPY,
THREE CENTS

VOL. I.

WAKEFIELD, R. I., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

No 42.

THE NARRAGANSETT TIMES,
is published every Saturday by
THOS. P. WELLS, Wakefield, South Kings-
town, R. I.
TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in ad-
vance; or Six Copies for \$5.
No paper will be continued after the
subscription expires.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted on rea-
sonable terms.

The Parson Going To Mill.

The parson sat in his house one day
While wintry storm did rage,
High rapt he drank in lofty thought,
From Hooker's classic page.
But as he sat, and holy dreams
Into his heart did steal,
His sweet wife opened the door and said,
"My dear, we have no meal!"
With saddened brow and heavy sigh,
He laid aside his book,
And with a meek despairing eye,
Upon the hearth did look.
"My people think that I must break
To them the bread of heaven;
But they'll not give me bread enough
Three whole days out of seven."
But hunger is a serious thing,
And it is sad to hear
Sweet children's mournful cry for bread
Lead ringing in your ear.
So straight he mounted his old horse
With meek and chastened will,
And rode like a hero to his home,
Light on his old meal-bag.
The miller bowed to him and said,
"Sir, by your church-steeple,
I vow I give you praise for this,
But none to your church people."
The parson mounted his old horse,
He had no time to lag,
And rode like a hero to his home,
Light on his old meal-bag.
But as he rode, he overtook
A proud and wealthy layman,
Who, with a close, astonished gaze,
The parson's bag did scan.
"My reverend friend, the truth to tell,
It makes me feel quite wroth
To see you compromise this way
The honor of your cloth."
"Why told you not, my honored friend,
Your meal was running low;
What will the neighbors think of us,
If to the mill you go?"
"My wealthy friend," the parson said,
"You must not reason so,
For 't is a fixed and settled thing,
My meal is always low."
"If my dear people wish to know
How to promote my bliss,
I'll simply say, a bag of meal
Will never come amiss:
Just keep the store-room well supplied,
And I will be right still;
But if the meal give out again
I must go to the mill!"
—MORAL.
Laymen! It needs a miracle,
No hard, laborious toil,
To make the parson's meal-bag like
The widow's cruse of oil.
Pour forth into his wife's store room,
Your gifts right plentiful;
The miracle is simply this,
To keep it always full!

PARLOR AND KITCHEN; —OR— MRS. POTTER'S MISTAKE.

BY HAP HAZARD.

In most sections of the Western States, twenty years ago, abundant means did not always bring relief from domestic duty and drudgery, especially to females. In the country all were independent farmers, on their own wild land, requiring all the labor of every member of the household; and in the towns, social order had nothing of the acknowledged position belonging to older communities; the poor expected soon to be rich, when, according to their favorite phrase, they would be as good as anybody, and it was rare indeed that any one could be induced to undertake the duties of household service. Gentlemen were compelled to groom their own horses, and drive their own cows, or dispense with the comforts flowing from the possession of these useful animals, and ladies were obliged to sacrifice inclination and taste, and often give their entire time to cooking, house-cleaning, and sewing, or suffer the consequences. Pre-eminent among those who never allowed their household to feel the

need of comforts they could provide, resulting either from their own labor, or that of others under their direction, many an old inhabitant of Deerfield, Indiana, will remember Mrs. Thomas. True, the village of those days has now become a city of no small pretensions or actual importance; has changed its name for one less suggestive of burden-life, and is become quite cosmopolitan in many respects; yet Mrs. Thomas lives there still; loving the tender vines, shrubs and trees which she planted a quarter of a century since, and from that quiet retreat holding converse with the more active world, only through papers, books, and letters, and the visits of children who have made other homes, or the friends of earlier days who are still left to receive their cordial welcome. If in the months when the ruddy or russet fruit is dropping from the branches, or the shocks of corn fully ripe gathered into the garner, she feels that her autumn also comes; in the glad spring, as the buds burst, the glad flowers unfold and the birds build nests in every bush on her grounds, she renews her youth, and is again, in heart and spirit, in the morning of her days; and Time that touches her, yet touches her gently, in face and form, in the winter, seems anxious to repair his work, and restore entire freshness to one whose heart will never grow old. It is the rare preservation of interest in the affairs of active life in which she no longer participates, admiration of the good, love for the beautiful, joy with the successful and happy, and sympathy for the afflicted and unfortunate, that makes her society sought more than she always desires. A remark once addressed to her by Judge Sinclair, who never failed, when holding court in town, to be the welcome guest of her husband, formed a comprehensive commentary upon her qualities, as a wife, mother, and friend, and which is applicable now as then, although called out before her family circle was at all broken. "Mrs. Thomas, I have just arrived at a solution of what has often been rather mysterious about you," said the Judge, smoothing his napkin as was his custom after a satisfactory dinner, and folding it carefully before putting it in the ring. "I wish you would give me the benefit of it. There are some matters about me which I do not fully understand myself, and perhaps this is one of them," said Mrs. Thomas, very quietly. "I have often wondered how your house should be such a pleasant place, both for its constant and its casual inmates; and I believe I have hit upon it. You always treat your guests as if they were members of your own family, and the members of your own family as if they were your guests." "I do not know of any one who has a stronger claim upon my best efforts than my husband and children," said she, tenderly, "and I never invite any person to my house whom I cannot receive cordially, and strive to render happy so long as they remain." But Mrs. Thomas did not devote her entire time to domestic duties, even when unassisted in their performance. Although very far from enjoying perfect health, yet she could "do all her own work," as her neighbors expressed it, and still have some leisure for reading, care of the poor, sympathetic and consistent in many enterprises of benevolence and social improvement, friendly intercourse, and proper attention to religious observances. But to accomplish this, it was necessary to be industrious. In such a life there is found much labor for the hands, as well as call for the great expansion of the heart. When it was possible to procure "help," Mrs. Thomas was always most willing to have assistance in the kitchen and chambers, that she might have time to devote to her husband, children and friends, and for those elevating enjoyments and pursuits in which she delighted. But the girls and women who, from time to time, entered her service, were so poorly qualified for the position, that they often occasioned

her more labor than they relieved her from, and if they proved sadly incorrigible or ungovernable, she would dismiss them, and resume her labors alone. Being always careful that her house should be at least healthily clean, and conducive to elegant comfort, dismissed servants and their confederates, and slovenly neighbors seemed to feel personally solaced, if they called her "very particular." With economy in the use, and taste in the selection of furniture and costume for herself and family, all generally presented so good an appearance, that many who disbursed double the amount in a year which she expended, and never looked half so well, at home or abroad, called her "very extravagant." Exercising an independent choice in her acquaintance, for the frequent association of those only whose habits, feelings, intelligence, and aspirations, harmonized with her own, those acquaintance who would not pretend to any affinity with her in these matters, thought her "very proud." These various charges never moved her an atom. She was satisfied that they were current among those only who knew simply her name or face. She remembered that she had a right to be particular; that her husband's ever open purse was a sufficient contradiction to the assertion that she was extravagant; and she believed that God would never accuse her of being very proud; she cared for none of these things, and all who in any way became familiar with her inner life, were convinced of the utter falsity of the carefully whispered accusation. Mrs. Thomas was one of those useful women of a passing period, if not already past, who never hesitated to send word to morning callers that she was "engaged in the kitchen," if it so happened, and she should be compelled to keep them waiting a few minutes; or that it was "washing day," and that unless upon some very urgent matter, they must excuse her entirely. If she really must see the company at an inconvenient hour, she never ran from the kitchen to her room to tear off her calico dress, jump into an embroidered petticoat and silk morning gown, and sail into the parlor as if just called from some exceedingly light and dainty employment, but met her visitors frankly and freely in the costume of the moment, always neat and appropriate, deeming the kind of duty in which she was engaged, a sufficient explanation of fabric or style. And yet like all refined of her sex, she loved "soft raiment," and when other duties prevented not, found a sort of genuine pleasure in wearing the choicest "wonders of the loom," or products of the fingers, if they were really beautiful in themselves. But this is wandering, or rather keeping too long away from the simple object of this writing—the narration of an incident in her domestic experience which Mrs. Thomas used to relate herself, with great glee and such pantomimic illustrations as set the scene vividly before her listener. She and her only daughter, just returned from her four years' absence at the seminary, were dividing the domestic duties of the morning between them, and it so happened that the care of arranging the chambers, sweeping and dusting, and laying the table in the dining-room, fell to the lot of the younger lady; while Mrs. Thomas essayed alone the preparation of the dinner. She had bro't it to a near conclusion, when a rap at the kitchen door surprised her, and opening it she saw an old lady attired in a black bombazine bonnet and dress, a faded shawl on her shoulders, and old silk work-bag of huge capacity hanging from her arm. "Is 'Square Thomas at home?" "He is not at the house, but will probably be here directly, as it is nearly dinner-time; will you walk in?" "No, thank you; guess I'll set in my wagon, and wait for him." "Oh! no, you had better come into the house," said Mrs. Thomas, persuasively. "Well, I reckon I'll just step in here," said the old woman, and entered

the kitchen, dropping into the chair nearest the door, to the surprise of Mrs. Thomas, who was leading the way through the dining-room to the front part of the house. She returned and asked the visitor to go into a cooler room. "No, thank you, I'd rather stay here; s'pose he won't be long coming." "Very well, if you prefer it; he can come out here, though I presume he would rather see you in the library." Mrs. Thomas went on with the dinner, closely watched by the visitor, in whom she thought she recognized, merely from description, a client of her husband, who annoyed him exceedingly about the settlement of the tiffing estate of her "dear departed Potter." She was about to venture a semi-inquisitive remark to the relic in black bombazine, based upon the supposition, when the somewhat venerable widow forestalled her by asking sharply, "How long have you lived with Mr. Thomas?" "Oh, a great while. So long that I hardly know—" "Possible?" interrupted the visitor. "And where did you come from here?" Mrs. Thomas started at the oddity of the question, but replied—"From New York; why, you ought to know." "Oh yes, I thought as much," broke in the old lady again; "you come from a distance; Miss Thomas can't get nobody round here to live with her long." Mrs. Thomas was perplexed and puzzled for a moment, but instantly surmising that her visitor mistook her for a "hired girl," she forgave the impertinence of the old woman, while her enjoyment of an innocent joke allowed her to sustain the character a little while, for her own edification, and subsequently that of her visitor. "Do you know Mrs. Thomas?" asked she. "Oh, law! yes; that is, I've never seen her, but I've heard tell of her, and that's enough." "Well, what did you hear of her?" asked Mrs. Thomas, as she sat down to peel the potatoes. "She's awful particular about her work, it has to be done just so; and she's so stuck up, she thinks her way's better'n anybody else's; nobody can never suit her anyhow." "She does like to have her work done according to her own idea, but I never had any trouble in pleasing her, as I think when I work for others I should strive to do as they desire, not as I may want to." "Well—yes; but girls as have been well brought up has just as good a right to their way as anybody else, if they aint quite so rich." "To be sure they have about their own affairs; but when a girl undertakes to do another's work, it is not her own work; and her will should not be set up in opposition to her employer. Is not that reasonable? Now, after I know how Mrs. Thomas wants her work done, I try to do it so, and we have never had a word of difficulty since I lived with her." "You aint like most girl's, that's all." "No, I suppose not; but if they would do as I do in this matter, they would get along much better. I always advise those that I know, to try it, and a great many have found out it is the best way, and in fact, the only way." The potatoes being peeled, and the dinner done, Mrs. Thomas was so busy for a few minutes in carrying it to the dining-room that any further conversation was prevented beyond a few short questions, and answers, such as—"Do you make tea every day for dinner for Miss Thomas?" asked by the ever-inquisitive Mrs. Potter, as the tea urn came out for hot water and Sonchong. "No; but whenever she wants it, I do." "Well, I wouldn't—there." "Not if you knew a cup of tea was very refreshing to her?" "No! if she wanted tea for dinner

she might make it herself," said the old lady, spitefully. Dinner was served, and Mr. Thomas had not yet come from town. Mrs. Thomas asked Mrs. Potter to walk into the other room, lay off her things, and take some dinner; probably Mr. Thomas would come in while they were eating. There was no one in the house but Mrs. Thomas and her daughter, and she need not hesitate at all. "No; I'd rather stay here. Her daughter's just home from the seminary, aint she?" "Yes, a few weeks." "She don't do nothing, I s'pose, but lay abed and play on her pianer?" "Oh! yes," said Mrs. Thomas, nearly convulsed with laughter; "she is a worker; gets up early, and would do all the housework if her mother and I would let her; she says she wants to learn over again what she has partly forgotten at school." "Do tell! Well she must be uncommon." "Perhaps she is. But come; come in to dinner." "No! I'll stay out here and eat with you, after they're done." "I eat with the family." "You do? I thought Miss Thomas would not let her girls set at the table with her. That's what they say in our parts." "They are mistaken. Mrs. Thomas never makes any strong objections, if girls want to do it, or insist upon it; but she lays it down as a rule, that everybody at her table must be neatly and cleanly dressed, and if they sit there, they must be so too; which she knows is very hard for them at all times in doing kitchen work; that she knows also it is better for them every way to prepare a table for and by themselves, where they can look and act as they like; that if they sit at the table with the family, they have no freedom of action, because she will have that time for social conversation with her family unless invited guests are present, it being the only time when they are all together, and they have a right to enjoy it." "I s'pose she thinks she's better than her girls. Of course she won't want me intrudin'." "No, she does not think she is any better, if they do well; but, that she has a right to enjoy the society of her friends and family at the table, and that it is inconvenient for all, and most so for themselves, for them to sit with the family. No. She will not think you are intruding; she wants me to make you come in. She is anxious to get acquainted with you, and thinks she shall like you very much." "Me!" exclaimed the old lady, all in a flutter; "how does she know anything of me?" "O, she has heard Mr. Thomas speak of you, and besides she has seen you." "Well, now the 'Square is a right sociable kind of a man; allers has a pleasant word for everybody; but I guess she never seen me; she's never been in our neighborhood." "Yes she has, often; come along, the dinner is growing cold, and she is waiting for you;" and Mrs. Thomas fairly drew the old lady into the dining-room, where, with the assistance of Jennie Thomas, she was relieved of her bonnet, bag and shawl, and seated at the table. Mrs. Potter regarded Jennie with much interest, who, although still attired in the neat and tasteful dress in which she had first left her room in the morning, looked very elegant in the widow's eyes. Jennie knew not a word of all that had passed in the kitchen, and could not understand the merry expression around her mother's features. As her father did not come, she sat down where she could carve and help the others, while Mrs. Thomas, of course, took the seat at the head of the table by the tea urn, and began to prepare the beverage. It was impossible to fix the old lady's attention. She was bewildered; whether most at the saucy of Jennie, or the familiarity with which the "hired girl" handled the silver tea things, and

NARRAGANSETT TIMES.

consulted her taste in preparing the cup for drinking, or at the attention they both paid to herself, it was hard to determine.

Jennie's wonder was most excited by the look of expectancy with which Mrs. Potter regarded the different doors of the apartment, as if from some of them a wonderful vision was to open to her sight.

The dining-room was central to a large house, and there were fourteen or fifteen doors opening into it from various rooms, passages, and closets. Mrs. Thomas knew well enough that her guest was watching for the appearance of the lady of whom she had heard tell so much, but knew so little, and while she enjoyed the passing moments infinitely, she would return no explanation to the enquiring looks of Jennie.

Mrs. Potter could not withhold her eyes from the different doors long enough to eat anything, or make coherent replies to the remarks of her companions at table. The least noise about the house threw her into the utmost confusion, and occasioned renewed and close scrutiny of the numerous doors. In vain the mystified Jennie, and the amused Mrs. Thomas, pressed upon her acceptance the various articles composing the repast, and urged her to taste them. It was very evident that not for the gratification of her palate had she ventured, or rather allowed herself to be drawn into the dining-room.

Jennie became uneasy, if not positively alarmed, at the appearance of her companions. The expression of mischief or mirth, she was uncertain which, in her mother's face, grew more intense every moment; while the wondering eyes of Mrs. Potter, and her apprehensive manner, affected Jennie most unpleasantly. A silence settled over the whole group. Mrs. Potter finally paid some little attention to the contents of her plate, but more to those of her tea-cup. Mrs. Thomas proposed to substitute a fresh hot cup for that which had grown cold in the interim, but the widow persistently refused to make the exchange. Pouring half the beverage into the saucer, probably from the force of habit, for it was impossible to cool it any more, without ice, she raised the saucer to her lips still keeping her eyes on one or another of the doors.

Just at this moment Jennie very innocently enquired,

"Mother, is it not very strange that father does not come?"

"No, I think not; court may not have adjourned yet."

Down fell the china saucer from the widow's lips and fingers with a crash, while the cold tea trickled from her mouth and spread over the black bombazine; her body fell heavily against the back of the chair; her hands flew into the air; and then dropped powerless at her side; and in the relaxation of the muscles of her face, her lower jaw might as well have been unhinged, for any practical good that she could derive from its possession.

Jennie sprang up and screamed with affright, certain now that the woman was a crazy old creature, subject to fits, and yet, the remarkable composure of her mother somewhat assured her. Just then her father entered, and she ran to his side, sure of protection there, in the event.

Mrs. Thomas watched the widow closely and anxiously, but did not discover signs of anything more dangerous than a fainting fit or possibly a short attack of hysterics; but even at this prospect the kindness of her heart made her feel some punctions of conscience, and she was rising to reach some restorative from the medicine closet, when an attempt of the old lady at utterance, arrested her steps. Mrs. Potter was indeed rapidly recovering herself, but yet her lower jaw would only come up to a speaking position occasionally. Whenever it would do so, as she fixed her eyes on one and another of the trio,

"Ah—ah—are—you her—daughter?"

Jennie, not yet entirely recovered from her fright, looked at her parents, as if they had better answer that question.

"Are you—are you—oh! dear me—are you Mrs. Thomas?"

Mrs. Thomas, who was now addressed, being sure that Mrs. Potter's eyes were of more service to her just at that moment than her ears, simply nodded assent, without speaking.

"Miss—Miss—Mister Thomas—are you her husband?"

"I think so," said he, coming forward; "I am not aware of any divorce having been decreed. But, Mrs.

Potter, what is the matter, my dear woman; will not your boys allow you to plant potatoes in the orchard?"

"What! dear me!" broke in the poor

Wife! Jennie! what does all this mean? Do explain."

"Oh! dear me!" broke in the poor

Mrs. Potter, with more firmness of voice, but with no abatement of distress.—

"What have I said? What did I say? Oh! I shall die! I know I shall!"

Between repeated assurances to the old lady that no harm had been done, that nothing had been said that need give her any distress, Mrs. Thomas proceeded to explain to her husband and Jennie the little prelude that had been introductory to the scene.

Mrs. Potter was at length brought to a tranquil state, and was induced to remain the entire afternoon, during which many more of her impressions of Mrs. Thomas and Jennie were corrected, and they all became great friends. Indeed, Mrs. Potter at one of her subsequent visits, which were often repeated until her last sickness, begged of Mrs. T. that she would receive Polly Potter, her youngest daughter, then about fifteen, into her family as a domestic for a few years. She acceded to the request, and while Polly's mother was a life-long friend and admirer of Mrs. Thomas, Polly herself became the most useful assistant she had ever employed, and in time a most skillful housekeeper, and an intelligent, handsome young woman.

Reader; one word: (that is, provided any reader has continued on to this paragraph.) If you attend winter evening parties of the most desirable character on Michigan or Wabash Avenue, you meet at any if not all of them, the former Polly Potter, now the sensible and agreeable, though not highly accomplished Mrs. —, who makes good use of the abundant possessions which have rewarded the early and honest ventures of her husband in Chicago real estate. Although I do not suppose she will thank me for making it so very public, neither is she ashamed of the fact I have disclosed—her humble origin; if she were, I, Hap Hazard, would never leave another card at her door, or put my foot again upon her velvet carpets. In a country where a "Mill Boy of the Slashes," may become the most accomplished of statesmen and polished of orators, a lady surely need not blush to own that in her youth she filled the position of a domestic, if she filled it well.

Mrs. Thomas very rarely comes to the city. You may have seen her at the almost palatial residence of Mrs. —, who often asks to be called "Polly," by her, so suggestive is that name—by her kindly spoken—of many instructive lessons she had found so beneficial in her subsequent life. Mrs. Thomas, however, will not yield this point, saying that present position, whatever it may be, is most deserving of regard and appropriate consideration, neither to be shorn of honor or respected by what may have preceded it, nor so walled about by arbitrary distinctions as to prevent rising to any other to which inclination and capacity can carry the individual, so she ever addresses Polly as do you and I, reader, when we are so happy as to meet her.

NARRAGANSETT TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—A message was received from Gov. Hoppin, on Wednesday, enclosing an appeal from the Executive Committee in Kansas, to the people of the Free States, for aid.

Much time has been occupied in discussing the subject of changing the Collection Laws.

A report was received from the Committee on Corporations, in favor of repealing the 1st and 4th sections of the Railroad Act, passed last winter.

On Wednesday, an appropriation of \$15,000 was voted by the House to finish alterations upon the State Prison.

CONGRESS.—But little has been done in Congress this week. In the House most of the time has been spent in voting for a printer, they have at last succeeded in getting one; the standing committees have been announced, and we see not why they are not now ready to proceed to business.

We are under obligations to the Hon. Philip Allen, of the U. S. Senate, for valuable public documents.

The high school in this village closed Friday the 8th inst., many of our people attended the examination on the last day, and, so far as we can learn, were well pleased with the exercises.

We are sorry that Mr. Peckham is going to leave us, but if he must go, we wish some competent teacher would take his place and keep up a good school.

We understand that Miss Tourtelott talks of coming back and teaching a school composed entirely of girls; that is good so far as it goes, but what will become of the boys?

Town Council and Court of Probate, at Kingston.

MONDAY, Feb. 11.

George C. Perry was appointed Administrator on the estate of his deceased wife Sally S. Perry.

The last will and testament of Sarah P. Clarke, late of Whitinsville Mass., was presented and read, and notice ordered for the probate thereof at the next meeting of the court.

Notice was ordered for the appointment of Administrator on estate of Mary Dockray, deceased.

The last will and testament of widow Elizabeth Robinson, was proved and ordered recorded.

The consideration of the report of the Committee to lay out road from Wakefield to Alder Point, was postponed to next meeting of Council.

Notice was ordered on settlement of Guardian's account of Joseph A. Brown, Guardian to minor children of Gideon Greenman, late of this town, deceased.

Christopher Clarke, Benjamin Hadwen, Laban Easterbrooks, John B. L. Watson, Henry Barber, Raymond Chappell, and Joseph Eaton, Jr., were appointed Surveyors of Lumber.

The Town Council will meet on the 2d Monday of March next to apportion highway tax among the highway Districts of this town.

Quite a number of accounts were allowed by Council and ordered paid out of the Town Treasury.

LECTURE.—We had the pleasure of listening to an interesting lecture, on Thursday evening, from Rev. Mr. Quereau, of East Greenwich, before the Teacher's Society of this town, delivered in the vestry of the First Baptist Church.

The subject was "Why are we not better teachers." After a few preliminary remarks the lecturer passed to consider several of the most prolific sources of inefficiency and ill-success in our teachers, especially those of our common schools. Teachers did not properly prepare themselves for their profession—were in too great haste,—he fault of the times,—the boy attempts to do the work of the man.

They meet their scholars for the first time too much in their official capacity, as masters. They should endeavor to meet them out of school hours, if possible at their homes, and show them that they are interested in them personally, are in love with their work, and sincerely desire their improvement. Want of system, both in the arrangement of the classes, and in every thing which it is necessary to attend to in school hours. The teacher's motto should be "A time for every thing and every thing in its time." Another reason why teachers are not better is because they do not spend sufficient time in daily preparations. It is not enough to have thoroughly studied their text books while they were pupils; they should compare various text books on the same subject, and learn what they can from them all; should prepare themselves specially on each lesson that they give to their classes, study the best modes of teaching it, and how they can make it most interesting to their scholars.—They teach a great deal when they do not design to teach at all; are watched both in and out of school; everything they say or do is noticed;

their manners are imitated, their example followed. They must, whether they will or not, exert an almost unbounded influence over their pupils, either for good or evil; an influence which shall affect their interests in her business of life and help to form their destiny for eternity. We have not of course, given the language of the lecturer, but have attempted to give simply an outline of his discourse.

A very fair audience were assembled including the greater part of teachers of the town.

A PRECEDENT FOR THE PRESIDENT.—In 1850, California came to the door of Congress. She brought a constitution and asked admission as a State. It had been framed by a peaceable and legal convention of her citizens. It was a free constitution, forbidding slavery forever in her limits.

Congress was thrown into an uproar.—The slavery men declared the people of the territory had no right to hold a convention until Congress ordered one.—They denounced the members as "revolutionists." They denounced the instrument itself as "treason." They swore the Union could not, would not, should not, stand an hour, if California was admitted. Their fugleman, Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, drew up a bill, providing for a temporary territorial government, and contemplating another convention to form another constitution, which it was hoped might, by outside appliances, be made to sanction slavery. This was urged as the only "regular and lawful means" of forming a State.

From a speech of this champion of slavery, delivered at the time, we take the following characteristic extract:

"Yes, sir, I have examined this subject in all its bearings—I have studied public sentiment in the South closely and perseveringly. I am certain that I understand the present condition of things in the southern section of the confederacy; and I have no hesitation in declaring it as my solemn dispassionate conviction, that if California is dragged into the Union in the mode now proposed, the southern States of the confederacy will feel that all hope of fraternal compromise has become extinct, and that such intolerable oppression has been already imposed upon them as to justify, nay, to demand secession from the Union in order to save themselves from evils still worse than disunion itself!"

Well, we all know the result. In spite of these lamentable predictions, California was "dragged just as she framed it." Mr. Foote's bill died at three weeks old. Six years have come and gone since.—But water runs and grass grows as usual. California is prosperous and free; the Southern States have remained in the confederacy; and the Union stands unharmed!

"And when the matter came to light, It showed the rogues had lied, The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died."

For California came in, but Mr. Foote went out. His seat in the Senate "secluded" from him. He became a case of Mississippi "reputation."

Six years have come and gone, and now Kansas comes to the door of Congress. She brings a constitution. She asks admission as a State. It has been framed just as that of California was. It is, like that, a free constitution, forbidding slavery forever within her limits.

Again Congress is thrown into an uproar. Again the slavery men declare the people of the Territory had no right to hold a convention until Congress has ordered one. Again the members are denounced as "revolutionists." Again the document itself is denounced as "treason." Again they swear the Union can not, will not, shall not stand, if Kansas is admitted. The President steps into the vacant place of Foote. He recommends a bill providing for another convention, to form another constitution, which it is hoped may, by outside appliances, be made to sanction slavery. This he urges as the only "regular and lawful means" of forming a State.

Citizens of the free States, will you be lulled by the repetition of so stale a trick?—*Albany Evening Journal.*

OREGON.—The capitol building at Salem has been entirely destroyed by fire. The Territorial Library was entirely consumed, value probably \$6000 or \$8000. The total loss on the buildings and library will not fall much short of \$40,000.—The papers and journals of the present session were principally destroyed, and will occasion great inconvenience to the Assembly in its further duties.

The President has issued another paper upon the state of affairs in Kansas. This time he addresses the people, and with the words of law and order on his lips, he shows to those who know how to interpret them, his unshaken determination to follow up the repeal of the Missouri compromise by the compulsory establishment of slavery in Kansas. The excuse for the repeal of that compromise was that it interfered with the popular sovereignty, and that the question of slavery ought to be left to the people of the territories; but when the people of the territory clearly manifest their inclination for freedom, and the people of Missouri come over the border and break up elections, and murder peaceable citizens, he President says that this is very bad to be sure, but it is no worse than for the people of Massachusetts to help an emigrant on his way to Kansas with the intention of actual settlement; that if the northern men will help the settlement of Kansas in their way, they must expect that the southern men will do the same thing in their way. The fact that the former carry ploughs and saw mills, and go to live there with their wives and children, and that the latter cross over with muskets and bowie knives, and after completing their outrageous violence, go back the next day, has nothing to do with the question. The Governors of southern States have recommended an armed interference, and men have been openly recruited in the South for the service. But it was not till the people of Kansas memorialized the free States on their grievances, and the people of the free States made contributions for the defence of the settlers, that the President interfered.

If the President is desirous of preserving the peace of Kansas, he can do so without the least difficulty. It is only because they know that they have the sympathy of the Executive, that the lawless borderers of Missouri dare cross the line. It is only because they know that the Executive is against them, that the people of Kansas feel the necessity of an appeal to their fellow-citizens. The law which allows slavery to go into Kansas is the law of the land, and because it is the law we stand by it; but the attempt to force slavery upon the people of the territory against their wishes is an outrage upon law; and if the people are desirous to defend themselves from the armed miscreants who are openly preparing for invasion, they are entitled to the sympathy, and to more than sympathy, to the material aid, of all the friends of freedom and law.—*Proc. Jour.*

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—The Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of New York, recently delivered a lecture before the Historical Society of that city, when he related the following story, among others, illustrative of female heroism:

"Among those," he observed, "who formed a part of the settlement during her revolutionary struggle, was a poor widow, who having buried her husband, was left in poverty, with the task upon her hands of raising three sons. Of those, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest, as best she could. After the fall of Charleston, and the disastrous defeat of Colonel Buford, of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessaries and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners confined on board the prison-ships and in the jails of Charleston. This widow was one of the volunteers upon this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city, and, braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter; but, notwithstanding, went bravely on! Her message of humanity having been fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return; but alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe and planted in her system the seeds of fatal disease; and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. The dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, has left her only son, the sole survivor of his family, to the world's charity; but little did she dream, as death closed her eyes, the future of that orphan boy.—That son became President of this free republic, for that widow was the mother of ANDREW JACKSON!"

An emmet may work its heart out, but can never make honey.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

PRESERVING SUMMER FRUIT.—Such fruits as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and the like, may be preserved in the following manner cheaply, and their flavor retained.—Put sugar over the fruit at the rate of half a pound to a pound of berries, add a little water, and when hot take up the fruit in a skimmer and dip it into the sugar, holding there for half a minute perhaps; then take it out and spread it on the tin. Go through the whole lot in this manner. Then boil down the sugar to a thick syrup, and pour it over the fruit. Set the tins either in the sun or in a warm oven till the berries are dried through in thin gelatinous cakes. When thoroughly dry, put the cakes in a bag and hang it out of the way.—The cakes will keep as long as wanted, and may be fitted for the table in a few moments, by the addition of a little hot water—more sugar being added if necessary. The beauty of this mode is that the flavor of the fruit is retained, while there is no danger of its spoiling by fermentation. Fruits, when preserved in the usual way—pound for pound—are made too sweet, and lose their distinctive flavor so much that it differs little whether it is preserved peach or potatoe. Besides, without care, preserves are apt to ferment and spoil.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A WONDERFUL MIRROR. There has lately been shown, in Paris, a huge concave mirror, an instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a monstrous dissection of your physiognomy.—On retiring a couple of feet, it gives you own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downward. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror! The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural,—so startling, indeed, is the exhibition, that men possessed of the strongest nerve will shrink involuntarily at the first view.

SHARP'S RIFLE ECLIPSED.—This effective fire-arm which was just acquiring a very great reputation, has, according to the New York correspondent of the Providence Tribune, been already surpassed. He says—

In connection with filibustering events, I may mention the perfection of another fire-arm, eclipsing Sharp's rifle, which has just been patented by J. W. Past, of this city. It is a repeating rifle which can be loaded and discharged thirty times a minute. It is very light, and convenient, has but one discharging barrel and does not revolve. Under the barrel in the place of the ramrod in other guns, is a tube which receives thirty acorn shaped, water-proof balls, containing within itself powder and percussion for propulsion. The act of cocking the piece places a ball in the breach, and the whole thirty may be discharged in the most rapid succession. At a late trial, the gun was discharged ten times in ten seconds. The ball is shaped like that of the Minnie rifle, and the gun itself is calculated as well for long distances as rapid firing. With the use of this gun a new era will open upon the hunters of the Western Prairies. If it has been enjoyment to follow a buffalo for a whole day to get a second shot at him, how bewildering must be the excitement of shooting thirty out of a herd before they have time to stir out of their tracks. The gun has been patented in England and France, and both governments have ordered them to be put on trial.

Admiral Ross, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, presents the theory "that the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis are occasioned by the action of the sun, when below the pole, on the surrounding masses of colored ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole, which were before invisible." He states that he has produced the phenomena artificially, and thus has proved the correctness of his theory.

TO MAKE COOKIES.—Take one teacupful of flour, three of molasses, one of butter, one of cream, six eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one of saleratus.

Molasses, common brands, is now selling at 44 and 45 cents per gallon at wholesale.

TO DESTROY LICE ON CATTLE.—Make a wash with hot water and common clay, about as thick as common porridge, select a warm day, and wash the animals all over taking care to rub it into the hair well with a woolen rag or cloth.

Book, Job, and Card PRINTING OFFICE.

Books, Pamphlets, Reports, Sermons, Bank Checks, Law Blanks, Certificates, Notices, Bill Heads; Also, **Card Printing & Bronze Work.** Embracing Wedding, Address, and Business Cards, Show do., Admission do., Tickets for Manufacturers' Goods, &c. &c. **Printed in the Best Style, and at Low Prices.** At the Office of this Paper. The Subscriber is supplied with new and good Type, and Presses, and can execute all orders with satisfaction to customers. He has also a variety of **Paper** always on hand, including Letter, Commercial Note, and Gilt Edge Paper, of good qualities. **THOS. P. WELLS.**

YARN DEPOT. S. Rodman & Sons

HAVE just received a very large lot of Woolen Yarns, consisting of **WHITE**, 2 & 3 threaded, **RED**, **PURPLE**, **GREEN**, **SLATE**, **DRAB**, **BLUE MIXED**, 3 & 4 threaded, **GREY**, do. **PURPLE**, do. **RED RANDOM**, **BLUE RANDOM**. **For sale Low.**

FURNITURE!!

MADE AND REPAIRED; Also, A large assortment of Ready Made **COFFINS** Always on hand. Consisting of Mahogany, Black Walnut, Cypress and Pine. **Furniture of every Description MADE TO ORDER.** **Old Furniture Repaired** AND **MADE EQUAL TO NEW.** **G. WILLIAMS.** Shop opposite the High School. Wakefield, Oct 17th, 1855. 25

NOTICE.

S. ROBINSON & SON Offer to the Trade their extensive Stock of Dry Goods, to which has been lately added—Madder Cochecho, Merimac Prints, most desirable styles, Muslin De Lains, Berages, Berage De Lains, Lawns, Ginghams, Laces, Ribbons, Muslins, Barred and Plain Jackonettes, Black Shirtings of every quality, from 5-8 to 11-8 yards wide. Bates & Kilton, Brown Sheetings, by the yard, piece, or ball. Linens of various styles, Shirts, Towelings, Table Cloths, and Sheets. **WOOLLENS.** Broad Cloths, Blue, Black, Grey, Drab, and Mulberry, of a quality and style to suit purchasers. **Plain and Fancy Doeskins,** and Cassimeres, Black Satin and Rich Silk Vestings, together with a variety of Vaseilles, Fancy and White; Jeans, Tweeds and Flannels, Alpaca, Bombazines, and Lama Cloths

NOTICE.—The advertiser would respectfully announce to his customers and the public generally that he continues to supply the various **MAGAZINES** named below at the prices annexed, per annum, viz: Harper, \$2 25; Putnam, \$2 25; Knickerbocker, \$2 25; Household Words, \$2 25; Blackwood, \$2 25; Godey, \$2 25; Graham, \$2 25; Horticulturalist, colored plates, \$3 50; Horticulturalist, plain edition, \$1 63; Little's Panorama of Life and Literature, \$2 25; Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashions, \$2 25; Ballou's Pictorial, \$2 50; Ladies' Repository (Cincinnati), \$1 53; National, \$1 63; Drithur's Home Magazine, \$1 63.

He is prepared also to fill orders for standard and miscellaneous books and the current literature of the day, whether from the trade or persons in other walks of industry. Having had an experience of fifteen years in the Book and Periodical Trade, he believes that he can give entire satisfaction to all parties intrusting him with orders. Specimens, numbers of the Magazines sent on receipt of six Post-Office Letter Stamps for the \$3 or \$2 Magazines, and for twelve such Stamps a sample of the \$5 or \$6 works will be sent.—Letters of inquiry must contain a stamp for the return postage. Books sent post-paid, on receipt of the publisher's advertised prices. Address, **WILLIAM PATTON,** Bookseller, Hoboken, New Jersey.

PORTER, LOVELAND & CO

(Opposite the Exchange Bank.) **Wakefield, R. I.** Dealers in **STOVES,** **TIN WARE,** **WOODEN WARE,** **GLASS WARE,** &c. Have now a large stock of Goods on hand embracing, Roger Williams, Bay State, May Queen, and King Phillip **COOKING STOVES.** **Parlor Stoves** of different sizes and patterns. Every variety of Tin Ware on hand and manufactured to order. Wooden Pails, Tubs, Wash Boards, Brooms, Brushes, Churns, Door Mats, **Chain Pumps,** Cast Iron Pumps, Lead Pipes, Glass Lamps, Glass Tumblers, Glass Cutlery, &c. These articles will be sold **Cheap for Cash,** or in Exchange for old Iron or Rags.

FEKE'S Dyspepsia Bitters!!

THESE bitters have been known in this section of the State for many years, as "Old Charles Feke's Bitters," and hundreds can attest their value as a remedy for Dyspepsia, and similar diseases. Indigestion, Headache, Costiveness, Debility, Low Spirits, Want of Appetite, Palpitation, &c., and of all complaints arising from weak stomach and bowels, or languid circulation. It is entirely vegetable, and put up in pint bottles, at the low price of 25 cents. Those who have taken without benefit, the carelessly prepared, and often worthless "bitters," as popular at the present time, would find, we candidly believe, in many cases, that by using nutritious and plain food, avoiding all stimulants, spirits, tobacco, hot drinks, &c., and regularly taking small quantities of this medicine, that relief for which they have sought in vain. On each bottle of the genuine **FEKE'S** signature of **HAZARD & CASWELL,** Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Newport, R. I. C. HAZARD, Wakefield.

M. A. STEEDMAN, DRESS-MAKER.

East Room, over S. A. Wright & Co's. Store, **WAKEFIELD,** Will keep a variety of Dress Trimmings of the newest styles, with other **Fancy Goods.** Also, A good assortment of Ladies, Misses, and Children's **Dress Shoes and Gaiters** of the best quality, which will be sold at reasonable prices for **CASH.** **One Price Only.** A Share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. **Please call and examine.**

T. A. SWEETLAND, No. 40 South Main street, Providence, R. I.

Dealer in French, English and American **DRY GOODS.** A good variety of Dress Goods, Linens, Cotton Flannels, &c. constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market prices. Also, an assortment of Plain Goods for Friends.

HAZARD & CASWELL,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Newport, R. I., Proprietors of **The "Formodenta;"** An admirable article for the Teeth, Breath, and Gums. **The "Dentine;"** An economical powder, carefully prepared for the same purpose. **The "Amber Tooth and Gum Wash;"** To cure soft, diseased, and receding Gums. **The "Lotus Balm;"** A cheap and excellent article to dress and preserve the hair. **"Ricina;"** A delicately perfumed preparation of true Canada Bear's Grease, unequalled for restoring and softening the hair.

Feke's Vegetable Dyspepsia Bitters;

For the cure of Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, &c.

Fluid Extract of Ginger;

For Flatulence, Cholera, Colds, Sea sickness, &c.

Vegetable Alternative;

For cleansing the Blood, Ulcers, Scrofula, Blotches, Erysipelas, &c. &c.

"La Foret" Corn Plaster;

A French Corn Plaster, of real excellence. C. HAZARD, Agent, Wakefield. J. T. Nichols, Kingston. **Reliable Agents wanted in every town and village for the sale of these articles.**

STATE CLOTHING STORE,



IN THE GRANITE BUILDING, Corner of North Main St. and Market Square. NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED and now opening for the Fall and Winter Trade, a large and splendid assortment of Goods, among which may be found Black

DRESS AND FROCK COATS, CUSTOM MADE BUSINESS COATS, of every style and quality. The best of Black and Fancy

DOESKIN PANTS, together with a large stock of Cassimeres and Satinett Pants, and **VESTS** of every description,

We have also on hand a good assortment of **HATS AND CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS** and a great variety of

Furnishing Goods,

All of which we will sell at the **Lowest Cash Prices!**

BOYS' CLOTHING.

The Proprietor having had long experience in this department of business, flatters himself that with his large assortment of Boys' and Youth's Clothing he cannot fail to suit all who may favor him with their patronage.

JOHN L. HAZARD, Agent. N. B.—Overcoats of every style and quality just received.

Ye Men of Wakefield!

AND THE Towns adjoining, **And especially the Patrons of the**

"NARRAGANSETT TIMES,"

Would you know the Road to Economy, just take your Money and the cars for

LUTHER'S CLOTHING HOUSE.

CORNER OF MARKET SQUARE AND CANAL STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I. It is the place, of all others, for you to get your

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

AND **FURNISHING GOODS.**

The large New Stock now constantly receiving, together with the extremely low prices at which we are selling, makes it a place of great attraction. All kinds of Coats, Pants, Vests, Rubber and Oil suits, Shirts, Cravats, Ties, Socks, Suspenders, Gloves, Collars, Overalls, &c.; also Hats, Caps, Trunks, Umbrellas, Canes, Carpet Bags, Knives, Combs, &c.

All classes of the people can find the article of Clothing and Furnishing goods they need, at the place of

LUTHER'S.

PLEASE GIVE US A CALL

Extract of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS elegant stimulant has been of late years largely introduced to public notice, and the country flooded with imitations, some of the most injurious character.

It is now admitted on all hands to be one of the most effectual and agreeable remedies for Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Pain in the stomach and bowels, Incipient Cholera, Diarrhoea, Colds, &c. or Nausea or Sickness at the Stomach, and for preparing in a moment a superior Ginger Tea. In travelling it is essential; a few drops being added to any limestone or river waters preventing their usual bad effects upon the stomach and bowels, and arresting the flatulence and nausea sometimes caused by the motion of steamboats or cars. The addition of a table-spoonful of it to a pint of plain syrup, produces at once the best Ginger Syrup, which, with ice water, forms one of the most delicious and innocent of Summer beverages. We warrant our article to be made only from select, white Jamaica Ginger. Prepared by

HAZARD & CASWELL,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Newport, R. I. Sold by the Shopkeepers in and about Wakefield.

Bibles and Testaments,

Published by the American Bible Society, for sale by the subscriber, at the prices at which they are sold at the Depository in New York.

THOS. P. WELLS.

G. W. SMITH,

73 Westminster st., Providence, R. I., Wholesale Dealer in

House Furnishing Goods,

Such as **BRITANNIA WARE** of all kinds; **FRENCH TINNED WARE;** **BIRD CAGES;** **TABLE CUTLERY;** **PLATED WARE;** **TIN WARE;** **TEA TRAYS;** **PATENT CHARCOAL IRONS;** **DOOR MATS;** **ICE WATER JARS;** **FEATHER DUSTERS;** **WIRE WARE;** **ORNAMENTAL IRON WARE;** **JAPANNED TIN WARE** **BRUSHES,** &c.

Please call and Examine.

NOTICE.

PRICE REDUCED!!

The subscriber is now Selling off **Southern Yellow Corn**

For \$1 per bushel, and do. **WHITE CORN** for \$1 15 per bushel.

DANIEL SHERMAN. Wright's Port, Aug. 3d, 1855.

AYER'S PILLS.

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC.

There has long existed a public demand for an effective purgative pill which could be relied on as sure and perfectly safe in its operation. This has been prepared to meet that demand, and an extensive trial of its virtues has conclusively shown with what success it accomplishes the purpose designed. It is easy to make a physical pill, but not easy to make the best of all pills—one which should have none of the objections, but all the advantages, of every other. This has been attempted here, and with what success we would respectfully submit to the public decision. It has been unfortunate for the patient hitherto that almost every purgative medicine is acrimonious and irritating to the bowels. This is not. Many of them produce so much gripping pain and revulsion in the system as to more than counterbalance the good to be derived from them. These pills produce no irritation or pain, unless it arise from a previously existing obstruction or derangement in the bowels. Being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity; but it is better that any medicine should be taken judiciously. Minute directions for their use in the several diseases to which they are applicable are given on the box. Among the complaints which have been speedily cured by them, we may mention **Liver Complaint,** in its various forms of Jaundice, Indigestion, Langour and Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Irritability, Bilious Headache, Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, Pain in the Side and Loins; for, in truth, all these are but the consequence of diseased action in the liver. As an aperient, they afford prompt and sure relief in Costiveness, Piles, Colic, Dysentery, Humors, Scrofula and Scoury, Colds with soreness of the body, Ulcers and impurity of the blood; in short, any and every case where a purgative is required.

They have also produced some singularly successful cures in Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Gravel, Erysipelas, Palpitation of the Heart, Pains in the Back, Stomach, and Side. They should be freely taken in the spring of the year, to purify the blood and prepare the system for the change of seasons. An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, and restores the appetite and vigor. They purify the blood, and, by their stimulant action on the circulatory system, renovate the strength of the body, and restore the wasted or diseased energies of the whole organism. Hence an occasional dose is advantageous, even though no serious derangement exists; but unnecessary dosing should never be carried too far, as every purgative medicine reduces the strength, when taken to excess. The thousand cases in which a physic is required cannot be enumerated here, but they suggest themselves to the reaction of every virtuous mind. It is confidently believed that this pill will answer a better purpose than any thing which has hitherto been available to mankind. When their virtues are once known, the public will no longer do without that remedy to employ when in need of a cathartic medicine. Being sugar-wrapped they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity. For minute directions see wrapper on the Box.

PREPARED BY **JAMES C. AYER,**

Practical and Analytical Chemist, LOWELL, MASS.

Price 25 Cents per Box. Five Boxes for \$1.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

For the rapid Cure of **COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.**

This remedy has won for itself such notoriety from its cures of every variety of pulmonary disease, that it is entirely unnecessary to recount the evidences of its virtues in any community where it has been employed. So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public is longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. And not only for the milder varieties of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, &c.; and for **CHILDREN** it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained.

As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best that it ever has been, and that the genuine article is sold by—**S. ROBINSON & SON, Wakefield; S. RODMAN & SONS, Boston; J. T. Nichols, Kingston.**